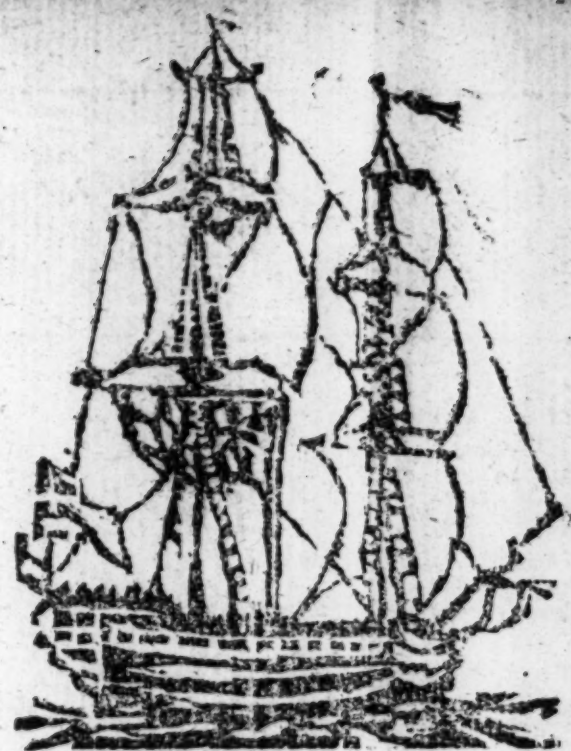
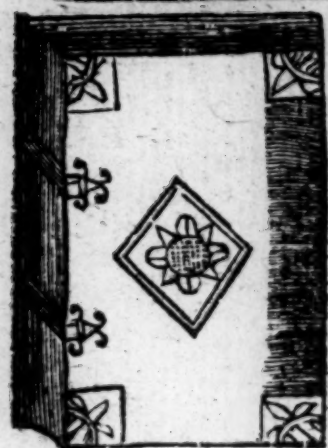




1346 m 7 (7)

Down by a River-side:

Or, Two true and constant Lovers: being the valiant Seaman's happy Return to his dearest Love, after long Absence from her: or a pleasant sweet Conference between these two Lovers at their first meeting.

When sol did cast no light
being darken'd over,
And the dead time of the night
the skies did cover:
Down by a river side,
where ships were sailing,
There a fair maid I spy'd
weeping and wailing.
I stept unto her straight,
dearest, what grieves thee?
She answered me, and said
none can relieve me.
Maid's Answer.
'Tis seven long years and more
since my love parted;
He left me on the shore
quite broken hearted.
He promis'd to return,
if life remained,
Which makes me sore to fear
death hath prevented.
O that I could but dear
some tidings of him,
How it my heart would chear,
for all my longing,
A young man straight she spy'd
like one amazed,
Who did a token bring,
where on she gazed.
Where is my love? quoth she
that comes not near me,
The young man he reply'd
please for to hear me.
His reply.
Your love and I did fight
under one banner,
Maintaining England's right,
purchasing honour.
He was a seaman bold,
of courage valiant.
Scorning to be controul'd
by any gallant,
But in a dreadful fight
where guns did rattle,
And many a gallant wight
fell in the battle.
His fatal destiny
near was approaching,
And summon'd him away,
by death's encroaching.
When he his death's wound saw,

and brains broken,
To me these words he said,
deliver this token,
To her that has my heart
and is more dearer,
Wishing her for my sake
to love the bearer.
And having spoke these words,
he then declined,
And in a stream of blood.
his life resigned;
Leaving me full of care,
sad news to bear it,
His death for to declare
as ye now hear it,
Her Answer.
When that these words she heard
with this sad passion,
She like a stock appear'd
without all motion.
At length her spirits came
by grief enflamed,
And then with flood of tears
thus she exclaimed.
O all ye powers above
which life doth lend us.
And you the God of love
which doth befriend us-
Why have ye snatch'd away,
my dearest sweetening?
And by your cruelty
spoiled our meeting.
Since that my love is dead
whom I did tender
No comfort will I take,
but life surrender.
In some unwonted paths
there will I wander.
And prove more constant
than e'er was Leander.
And so vain world farewell,
and all the pleasure,
Since he is gone that was
my chiefest treasure.
To the Elysian shades
there will I hide me,
Until I find my love.
what'er betide me.
His Reply.
But for to try her more
he still persisted,

To tell her o'er and o'er,
how that he acted.
And then he did begin
after this manner,
To prove her constancy
unto her lover.
All this I witness can,
having stood by him,
For courage I must say
none did outvy him:
He still would foremost be,
striving for honour,
But fortune is a whore
vengeance upon her.
Intomb'd he now doth lie
in stately manner,
'cause he fought valiantly,
for love and honour
That right he had to you,
to me he gave it,
Now since it is my due,
pray let me have it.
Her Answer.
She raging flang away,
like one distracted,
Not knowing what to do,
nor how she acted.
At last she curst her fate,
and shew'd her anger,
Saying friend you come too late
I'll have no stranger.
To your own house return,
I am well pleased,
Here for my love to mourn,
since he's deceased.
In fable weeds I'll go
let who will jeer me,
Since death has serv'd me so,
none shall come near me.
The chaste Penelope,
mourn'd for Ulysses,
I have more grief than she
robb'd of such blisses
I'll never love again
therefore pray hear me,
I'll slight you with disdain
if you come near me.
I know he lov'd me well
for when we parted
None did in grief excel
both were true hearted,

These promises he made
ne'er shall he broken,
These words that then he said,
ne'er shall be spoken,
His Reply,
He hearing what she said,
made his love stronger,
Off his disguise he laid,
and staid no longer.
When her dear love she knew,
in wanton fashion,
Into his arms she flew,
such is love's passion,
He ask'd her how she lik'd,
his counterfeiting,
Whether she was well pleas'd,
with such like greeting.
Her answer.
You are well vers'd quoth she,
in several speeches.
Could you coin money so,
you may get riches
O happy gale of wind,
that wafts thee over,
May heaven preserve the ship,
that brought my lover.
Come kiss me now my sweet,
true love's no slander,
I shall thy Hero be,
thou my Leander.
Dido of Carthage queen,
lov'd stout Aeneas,
But my true love is found
more true than he was,
Venus ne'er fonder was,
of young Adonis,
Then I will be of thee,
since my love known is.
Now hand in hand they walk,
with joy and pleasure,
They laugh, they kiss and talk,
love knows no measure.
Now both do sit and sing
but the fings clearest
Like Nightingale in spring,
welcome my dearest.

F I N I S.

March 10th 1776.